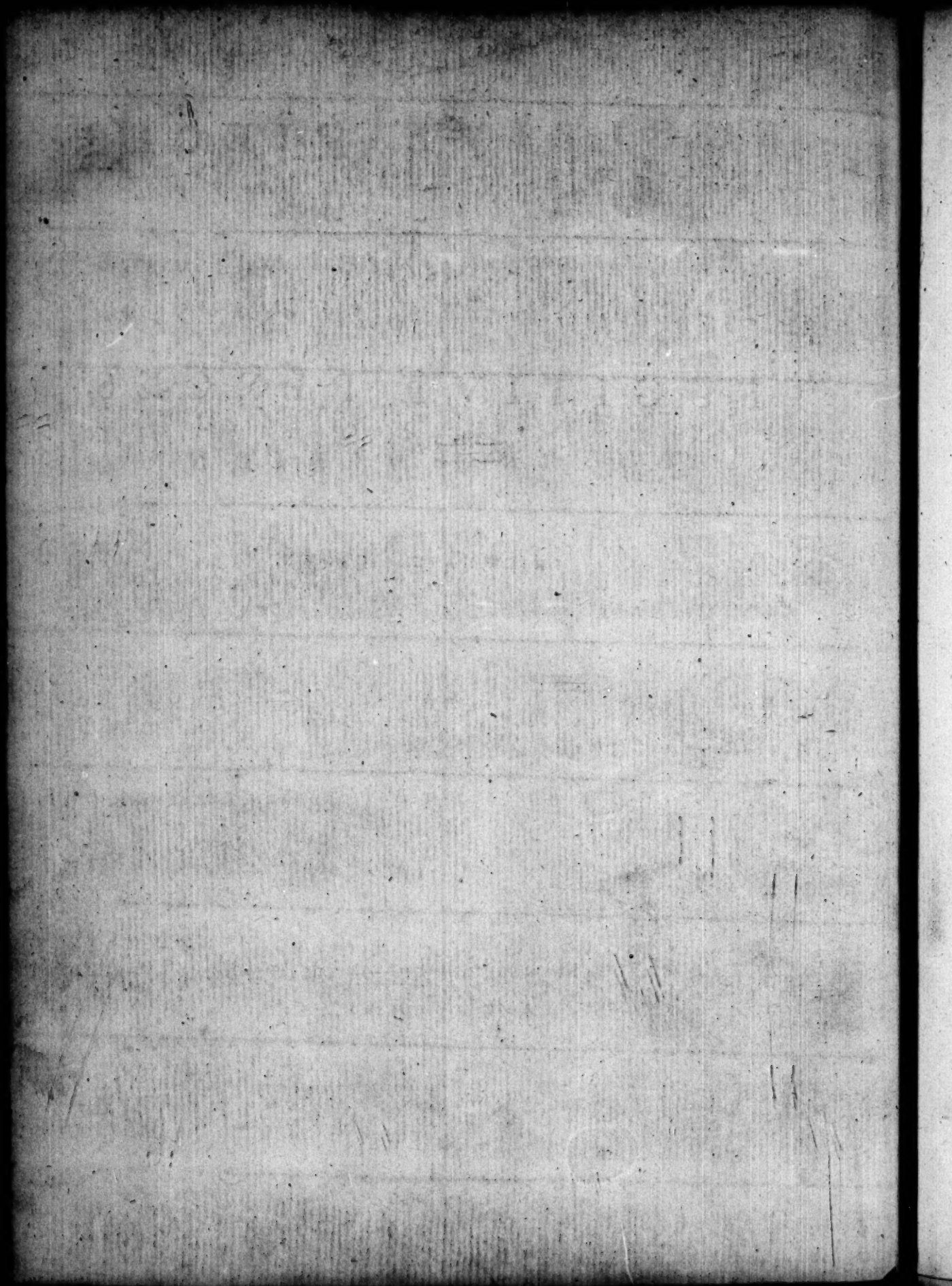


FUGITIVE PIECES.

PRICE HALF A CROWN.



FUGITIVE PIECES.

"I, FUGE, SED POTERAS TUTIOR ESSE DOMI." MART.

THE

THIRD EDITION,

WITH

CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS,

BY SIDNEY SWINNEY, D.D.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETIES.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY C. SAY AND CO. FOR THE AUTHOR,

AND SOLD BY

MESS. BECKET AND HONDT, BOOKSELLERS IN THE STRAND; AND
MR. DODSLEY, IN FALL MALL,

1768.

FUGITIVE PIECES

THE FUGITIVE AND THE FUGITIVE

THE FUGITIVE

WITH

CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS

BY SIDNEY SWINNEY, D.D.

EDITOR OF THE FUGITIVE AND THE FUGITIVE

LONDON

PRINTED BY G. & J. S. CO. FOR THE AUTHOR

AND



1868

TO

THE REVEREND MR. COMBER.

SIR!

I SHOULD esteem myself highly ungrateful, did I not make you, and my ingenious friend (the REVEREND MR. CALEY) all the acknowledgments in my power, for your careful revisal of my Poems. At best, they are but midling performances, which is the worst character that can possibly be given of poetical productions, according to HORACE —

——— “mediocribus esse poetis

“Non Di, non Homines, non concessere Columnæ.”

Now, after this ingenuous confession of mine, you may naturally be supposed to ask, “why then publish them?” To

B

this

this question I am constrained to reply, with the same Poet —

—— “ nequeo dormire ” ——

The judicious corrections, alterations, and defalcations which you have both been pleased to make throughout the whole of my “ FUGITIVE PIECES,” will certainly set them off to advantage ; and I rejoice that what my apprehensions of appearing troublesome to you, prevented me from requesting the favor of your doing — “ Fors obtulit ultrò.”

Beautiful, indeed, and exquisite is, what HORACE observes to his noble friends the two Pisos; and I insert his observations, as not being unapplicable to my own two friends —

“ Quintilio si quid recitares,” “ corrige, Sodes,
Hoc aiebat et hoc.” “ Melius te posse negares,
Bis, terque expertum frustra ; delere jubebat,
Et malè tornatos incudi reddere versus.”

And again, ——

“ Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes :
Culpabit duros : in comptis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum : ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta” ——

With

[[43]]

With my warmest thanks to you both, for your candid
behaviour towards me, I take my leave; only assuring you,
that I shall no longer presume to pester the world with any
of my poetical reveries, than you shall continue your unre-
served censures of them, and the personage to whom they
are dedicated, shall graciously condescend to give them
a patient reading. I am, with respectful compliments to
MR. CALEY,

REVEREND SIR,

Your affectionate and

Most obliged Servant,

SIDNEY SWINNEY.

SCARBOROUGH,

Jan. 2, 1767.

B 2

TO

TO THE MOST PUISSANT PRINCE
 AUGUSTUS HENRY FITZROY,
 DUKE OF GRAFTON,
 FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY,
 AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL.

MY LORD DUKE!

THE author of the following translations and detached pieces, never would, perhaps, have permitted them to have made their appearance in print, had not several of them crept surreptitiously into the public papers, by means of certain periodical retailers of literary productions, contrary to his inclination. Nor would he have presumed to submit them to your Grace's inspection again, had he not been so far flattered by the call for a second impression, as to hope you might find something new in them to entertain you. Several of these pöetical revèries were hastily composed, at a time when he partook of the undisguised friendship of two noble brothers, at Eton College, upwards of twenty years ago. Had he therefore cherished the least design of making them public,

lic, at any period, it is natural to conclude he would have chosen that time when giddy and unthinking youth might have pleaded somewhat more in favor of the violated muse, than an advanced age can reasonably pretend to do.

The epistle which serves to usher in this small collection of poems (and the satire which immediately follows it) are paraphrases from Horace; and they were selected from the rest of that inimitable author's performances, with a view of shewing the strong resemblance, there is, betwixt the manners and habits of past ages and our own. Should they have the good fortune to please your Grace's taste, I shall be encouraged to modernize several more of them, for your amusement.

The Latin Epistle, addressed to the younger of the noblemen hinted at above, was wrote to him from NORWICH, the day after the poet, and a very entertaining Scotch officer, had escorted him from St. EDMUNDS-BURY, over the desert sands of BRAND-WARREN. Had that most amiable and accomplished youth honored him with a poetical answer, he would probably have asked his permission to interweave the "purple patch" among his coarser and more homely materials. But a person, who ever excelled in the true application

cation of sterling prose, would naturally adhere to it, on this occasion ; especially when the mediocrity of his daring companion's juvenile performances, rather served to deter him from all aërial excursions, than encourage him to shape his flight towards the regions of Parnassus.

As to the verses on the Mountebank, the author was assisted in them by a genius, the happiest and brightest surely that ever tuned his reed on the Play-fields of Eton ! To the unspeakable and irretrievable misfortune of the learned world, the sad tidings of his immature death have reached the publisher's ears, whilst he is penning this dedication to your Grace. If any thing can atone for the loss of DOCTOR LYNE, his elegant compositions, and the more weighty productions of his pen, must do it. But so perverse and, almost, vicious was his modesty, and so reprehensible his undervaluing his own performances, that it is greatly to be feared, we shall be doubly deprived of him, by their having been devoted to the flames ; unless a VARIUS hath kindly interposed, and prevented the execution of the sentence against them. The conclusion of this short composition is designed as an eulogium on the celebrated DOCTOR DEALTRY, but is infinitely beneath the merits of that extraordinary physician ; as
thousands

thousands will readily testify who live, under God, through the benefit of his unerring prescriptions.

The Ode, in Sapphic metre, was addressed by the author to his nephew while a student at Clarehall, Cambridge: and the bright examples which are set before him therein, for his imitation, had one good effect, at least, by making him double his diligence, and endeavour to rival some of his predecessors in their favorite studies and pursuits. It would have been an endless task to have commemorated all the eminent men, as well living as dead, of that most learned university: an instance, therefore, or two, from every college, such as readily occurred, were thought sufficient for the purpose.

The entire version of Mr. Pope's Essay, on Criticism, was well-nigh finished for the Press, at the time when the ingenious Mr. Smart's translation of it made its appearance in the world, along with some other pieces: and such was the author's estimation of that gentleman's poetical abilities, that he determined to suppress his own weak endeavours, at sight of this masterly performance; reserving only a few specimens in these FUGITIVE PIECES.

Should

Should your Grace be desirous of knowing what gave occasion to the composing the Greek Epigram, on the late DOCTOR TUNSTAL, it was this. I chanced to be in company with the present Lord T——d, in St. John's College, when word was brought him, from the Senate-house, that DOCTOR TUNSTAL was chosen Public Orator of the University, in opposition to the present venerable and justly admired Bishop of Norwich; whose interest we, of CLAREHALL, had supported TOTIS VIRIBUS. His Lordship observed to me, with an air of dry jocularitv, that I appeared "somewhat "chagrined," and asked the meaning of it? I told him "it was a sudden twitch of the gout or rheumatism." He replied, no no, friend S——y, it is a twitch arising from a "nouvelle" disappointment." Upon my assuring him, "it was no such thing;" he said, he should not be convinced of the contrary, unless I sat down instantly, and wrote an epigram in Greek (the favorite language of the New Orator) in honor of the person elected into office. As no polite excuse for declining the proposal, occurred to me, I fell to scratching my head, and biting my nails to the quick: and, after a few internal convulsions, produced a "foetus" which gained me some little commendation and applause, as well from his Lordship, as from the Public Orator himself.

With

With regard to the Epigrams on VENICE and VERSAILLES, they have ever appeared to me so extremely elegant, that I, long since, attempted a Greek translation of them: and the Epigram on Mr. GARRICK, I wrote many years ago, at the moment of my return from seeing a play, in which that astonishing actor had realized the capital part.

Should one of the English Compositions prove bitter and unpalatable to your Grace's taste, which, if information agrees with matter of fact (as I am tempted to believe it does, from the rarity of the well-natured encomium) is more adapted to relish the tamarind than coloquintida: a short account of what gave rise to it, may, probably, soften your censure, and prove the best apology for my making it public.

It was written, then, from a principle of resentment and indignation, against the nameless perpetrator of a most atrocious piece of villainy done to a worthy clergyman's too amiable wife. And were more of these execrable crimes stigmatized by the honest satyrist, the consequences might prove of singular benefit to mankind, by restraining the lawless and headstrong appetites of profligate "debauchees."*

* N. B. This poem is omitted, the person meant having made ample satisfaction to the injured party.

I shall make the less apology to your Grace, for having inserted the ~~DELIGHT~~ DIRECTIONS: for, as you know, by happy experience, of how great consequence a manly elocution is, when guided by integrity and supported by truth, you will the more easily assent to the necessity of this important qualification, in the ministers of God. Happy, indeed, would it be, if, instead of our being indebted to the celebrated speakers in the houses of parliament, or pleaders at the bar, for any oratorical powers we may chance to acquire from them, they were induced to frequent the church for their worldly improvement, as well as for their spiritual benefit.

If the verses from the “ DELIGHT to the DOLPHIN ” appear uncouth and rugged, your reflecting that they were composed upon the rough, stormy element, at a time too when the Poet and his whole mess were starving on board o’ ship, for want of fresh provisions; this reflection, will not only suggest an excuse for their uncouthness; but I will be bold to say, if fortune had so ordered it, that your Grace had commanded the Dolphin Frigate; they would have been rewarded by as noble a largess of eatables, at your hands, as they were from the brave officer, the actual commander.

And

And now, permit me, Sir, to pronounce my real and impartial opinion to your Grace, concerning the merit of these my productions, which, to be brief, is this. They are neither the emanations of a heaven-born flame, nor do they descend perpendicularly from the sacred summits of Parnassus. There, indeed, they might take their origin; but not being found fit compositions for the celestial songsters, nor adapted either to their harps, clarrifins, flutes, or even flagelets; they were scattered by them down the hill; and some of the remnants chancing to fritter into the river Helicon, or some such hallowed stream, they exhibit themselves to your Grace's view, in the dripping condition in which they emerged.

I have little more, my Lord, to add to this my address (already too tedious) but to request your perusal of the following sheets, with the same candor and humanity of heart, as your Grace hath lately testified towards the author of them on a very interesting occasion. If the most conspicuous personages of ancient Greece and Rome, were not ashamed to unbend their minds, after a severe application to affairs of state, may I not hope that you too may condescend, on the same principle,

ple, to admit a sportive muse to your breakfast-table and hours of recreation? And should you be induced to smile upon these humble attempts, I shall esteem your tacit approbation as a particular honor done me. But if, either, the almost total absence of a true pœtic spirit in the compositions, shall superinduce a languor over your eye-lids; or should their native simplicity prove too insipid for your Grace's exquisite "gout," be pleased to intimate your dislike, and I promise, that my next excursion into the pœtic regions shall end with the following quotation —

— "Hic versus et cetera ludicra pono."

EPISTOLA XX LIBER PRIMUS. HOR.

VERTUTUM JANNAPUS, LIBER, SPECTARE VIDERIS:

HORACE: EPISTLE XX.

BOOK THE FIRST.

Occur extremis in stipulis pallis.

EPISTOLA XX. LIBER PRIMUS. HOR.

VERTUMNUM janumque, liber, spectare videris :

Scilicet ut prostes *Sosionem* pumice mundus.

Odisti claves, et grata sigilla pudico ;

Paucis ostendi gemis, et communia laudas ;

Non ita nutritus, fuge quo descendere gestis :

Non erit emissio reditus tibi. Quid miser egi,

Quid volui ? dices ; ubi quid te læserit et scis

In breve te cogi, plenus cum languet amator.

Quod si non odio peccantis desipit augur,

Carus eris Romæ, donec te deserit ætas.

Contrectatus ubi manibus fordescere vulgi

Cæperis ; aut tineas passes taciturnus inertes,

Aut fugies uticam, aut vinctus mitteris herdam.

Ridebit monitor non exauditus : ut ille,

Qui malè parentem in rupes protrusit asellum

Iratus. Quis enim invitum servare laboret ?

Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem

Occupet extremis in vicis balba senectus.

Cum

EPISTLE XX. BOOK I. HORACE.

AT Paul's Church-yard methinks, my book,
You seem to cast a wishful look.

Would NICOL put you to the press,
And clap you on a gaudy dress,
You'd freely stand expos'd to view,
Though destin'd for a chosen few:
Not so brought up! well, get you gone ——
But you'll repent it, when undone.

"Alas! you'll cry (when there's no cure,
And the cloy'd lover can't endure
Your rifled charms) what have I done,
To be thus scorn'd and left alone?"

And yet, from a Prophetic Spirit
(If not too partial to your merit)

I know you'll gratify the taste
As long as Novelty shall last.

But when satiety shall seize

Your sparks, and you no longer please,

To the plantations you'll be sent,

Where you at leisure may repent.

Then laughs your friend, who meant you well,

As he that shov'd his ass to hell,

A stubborn beast! —— "you do but kill

The wretch you save against his will."

'Twill be your fate too, when you're old,

(CON PHILIPS-like) to teach and scold.

Remember

Cum tibi sol tepidus plures admoverit aures,
 Me libertino natum patre, et in tenui re,
 Majores pennas nido extendisse loqueris;
 Ut quantum generi demas virtutibus addas:
 Me primis Urbis belli placuisse domique;
 Corporis exigui, præcanum, solibus aptum;
 Iraſci celerem, tamen ut placabilis eſſem.
 Fortè meum ſi quis te percontabitur ævum;
 Me quater unde nos ſciat impleviſſe Decembres,
 Collegam lepidum quo duxit lollius anno,

Remember, when a greater croud
 Than usual haunts you, tell aloud
 My father (bleſs him!) croſs'd the ſeas
 A common ſoldier, if you pleaſe.
 Tell 'em, moreover, that his ſon
 His annual income did outrun.

(His foible by himſelf detected,
 And rank and pedigree neglected,
 Who knows but he may be reſpected?)
 And, pray, be ſure you loudly bellow
 How GRANBY patroniz'd the fellow.

Tell ſuch as fancy prompts to aſk,
 I'm middle ſiz'd and love to baſque
 In the ſun's-beams; am often teaz'd;
 Soon in a paſſion—ſoon appeas'd.
 Should others pry into my age,
 Tell 'em I'm grey though not a ſage:
 In ſhort, you may, without a jeſt,
 Say (what I never yet confeſt)
 I was exactly FORTY FIVE,
 Ah me! when TOWNSHEND ceas'd to live.

EDWIN LASCELLES, ESQ;

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

FOR THE

COUNTY OF YORK

SIR,

THE great success which the late Mr. POPE met with in his imitations of HORACE, and the commendations I have every where heard bestowed upon Doctor FRANCIS, for his poetical translation of the same Author, have encouraged me to hazard an attempt, between the different manners of the one and the other. That infinite fund of true satyric spirit which distinguished the former of these Gentlemen, enabled him to deviate from, and add to his Master's profound, yet humorous lessons of morality, whenever he found himself so disposed: and an exquisite knowledge of the style and genius of his Author, has enabled the latter to tread (step by step, I had almost said) in the pleasing Meanders of his familiar guide. My almost total
want

want of Mr. Pope's rich vein and satyric turn, has cautioned me not to lose sight of my Author too much, in the following version : and the superior taste and skill of Doctor FRANCIS (while it has empowered him to aim at a more literal translation throughout) is a sufficient hint for me to take some latitude, if I would hope for success in my present undertaking. Had I ever perused, with a critical exactness, the performances of these celebrated gentlemen, probably their great excellence might have deterred me from making my own attempt public. But so it is, "*Perdere quos Deus vult, dementat prius.*"

The free and communicative conversation I have formerly had the honor of enjoying with you in your Museum at Gawthorp, and the ingenious strictures you have cursorily made upon the Roman poets, induce me to hope this following translation may not prove entirely unacceptable to you. Should it have the good fortune to attract more of your notice than I dare presume to promise it, I will be bold to say, that a favorable acceptance and approbation of it shall not be lost upon me. Numberless and various are the poetical productions which have laid almost twice "nine years" in my moth-eaten chest; it must be a patronage such as your's, that can extract them from thence, and an indulgence too, such as resides only in humane and candid

breasts, that can infuse life into them, when once brought to light.

The elegant buildings and beautiful plantations which, at present, engage your attention (works not less the public admiration, than a public blessing in their happy consequences) are no vulgar presage that the Muses may be invited to make ~~X~~ their abode, and that you, who are so capable of becoming their patron, will assign them their proper rank and station among the sister-arts.

“Sint Mecænates, deerunt baud, Flacce, Marones;”

I have the honor to subscribe myself,

S I R,

Your devoted and most

humble Servant,

London, May 10, 1768.

SIDNEY SWINNEY.

[22]

IN CONSTITUTIONAL ONE

NINTH SATIRE

LIBRARY

OF

H O R A C E,

BOOK THE FIRST.

IMITATED.

and

Q. H O R A T I I F L A C C I

E R I T A S H T I I

S A T Y R A I X . L I B . I .

IBAM ut fortè viâ sacrâ, sicut meus est mos
 Nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis :
 Adcurrit quidam, notus mihi nomine tantum ;
 Arreptâque manu, " Quid agis, dulcissime rerum ?"
 " Suaviter, ut nunc est, inquam ; et cupio omnia quae vis."

Cum

Cum adlegissent, "Nam quis vis?" occupo. at ille,
 "Nons nos, inquit; docti sumus." Hic ego; "Pluris
 THE
 Hoc, inquam, mihi eris." Mittere discere quatenus

N I N T H S A T I R E

Dicere nescio quis puero. Cum ludor ad inios
 OF
 Manaret talos; "O ee, Bolane, cecidit
 H O R A C E,
 Gannet; vices, nupta, laudaret; ut illi

B O O K T H E F I R S T

Januarius video: sed nil agis; vixue tenebo:

AS I was sauntering in the Park one day,
 Musing on trifles in my usual way;
 Quidnunc runs up, whose name I just could tell;
 Seizes my hand, and swears he hopes I'm well,
 "Extremely well, as the world wags, I say;
 And, Sir, I'm yours to serve you and obey."

He

Cum adfectaretur, " Num quid vis ?" occupo. at ille, 6
 " Nôris nos, inquit ; docti sumus." Hic ego ; " Pluris
 Hoc, inquam, mihi eris." Miserè discedere quaerens,
 Ire modo ocius ; interdum consistere ; in aurem
 Dicere nescio quid puero. Cum sudor ad imos 10
 Manaret talos ; " O te, BOLANE, cerebri
 Felicem," aiebam tacitus. Cum quidlibet ille
 Garriret ; vicos, urbem laudaret ; ut illi
 Nil respondebam : " Miserè cupis, inquit, abire,
 Jamdudum video : sed nil agis ; usque tenebo : 15
 Prosequar hinc, quo nunc iter est tibi ?" " Nil opus est te
 Circumagi : quendam volo visere non tibi notum :
 Trans Tiberim longè cubat is, prope Caesaris hortos."
 " Nil habeo quod agam, et non sum piger ; usque sequar te."

Demitto

He doggs me, and, on asking, "What's his will?"

He answers, "He's a brother of the quill."

"I'm doubly your's, I cry, since that's the case:"

And, to get quit of him, I mend my pace;

Then stop, and whisper in my lacquey's ear,

Fretting and foaming like a baited bear.

While he runs on, saluting all he meets,

And comments on the buildings and the streets,

I, from my heart, breathe this ejaculation;

"Happy, O HARA, in thy starts of passion!"

"Long I've observ'd you'd shake me off, he cries,
But shan't; I'll never leave a man so wise.

Pray whither trudge you?" P. "To a friend, unknown

To you, on t'other side the Thames." Q. "I own

That's a long stretch, but I can walk you blind:"

So let's away—I'll ne'er be left behind."

E

I'm

Demitto auriculas, ut iniquae mentis asellus, 20

Cum gravius dorso subiit onus. Incipit ille: " "

" Si benè me novi, non Viscum pluris amicum,

Non Varium facies: nam quis me scribere plures

Aut citiùs possit versus? quis membra movere

Molliùs? invidet quod et Hermogenes, ego canto." 25

Interpellandi locus hìc erat: " Est tibi mater,

Cognati, quèis te salvo est opus? " Haud mihi quisquam:

Omnes composui." " Felices! nunc ego resto.

Confice: namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabella

Quod puero cecinit motà divina anus urnà:" 30

" Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferet ensis,

" Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra:

" Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque: loquaces,

" Si sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit ætas."

Ventum erat ad Vestæ, quartà jam parte diel 35

Præteritâ: et casu tunc respondere vadatus

Debebat: quod ni fecisset, perdere litem.

" Si

I'm like the sulky ass — whose sinews crack,
 When too much lumber galls his crouching back.
 Quick he resumes — "If well myself I know,
 From POPE or SWIFT not richer talents flow:
 For who's the poet that, in blank or rhyme,
 Can write more verses in so short a time?
 Then SLINGSBY can't excel my step nor air;
 Nor LOVATINI's voice with mine compare."
 An op'ning offers, and I ask him here;
 "Have you no friends who make your life their care?
 Q. "Not one, I've bury'd all!" P. "The happier they!
 My turn comes next; I can't outlive to-day.
 Dispatch me then; the prophecy's fulfill'd,
 Just as the Gipsy told me when a child."

"Thou need'st not poison, nor the hostile spear,
 "Gout, Pthisick, Cough, nor any sickness fear:
 "When grown a man, be sure from babblers fly;
 "Their dang'rous weapons guard against, or die."
 'Cross Palace-yard our measur'd steps we took;
 The Courts were sitting, for 'twas eight o'clock.
 It chanc'd, my spark had given bail to try
 An action of assault and battery.

" Si me amas, inquit, paullum hîc ades." H. " Inteream si
 Aut valeo stare, aut novi civilia jura : 39
 Et propero, quo scis." Q. " Dubius sum, quid faciam, inquit;
 Tene relinquam, an rem?" H. " Me fodes." " Non faciam," ille:
 Et præcedere cœpit. Ego, ut contendere durum
 Cum victore, sequor. " Mæcenas quomodo tecum?"
 Hinc repetit. H. " Paucorum hominum et mentis bene sanæ."
 Q. Nemo dexterius fortunâ est usus : haberes 45
 Magnum adiutorem, posset qui ferre secundas,
 Hunc hominem velles si tradere : dispeream nî
 Submôsses omnis." H. " Non isto vivitur illic,

Quo

"Now follow me," he cries, "and lend your aid :"

P. "Lord, Sir, you ask a stranger to the trade :

You know, too, I'm in haste." Q. "Which shall I do ?

Whether my cause must I give up, or you?"

P. "Me by all means : stay, I conjure you, stay."

"Not for the world," he says, and leads the way.

I, as 'tis hard to struggle with our betters,

Lag on behind him like a rogue in fetters.

He then proceeds — "Well ; how are you with CH—M?"

P. "Upon my word I seldom can get at him :

Hard of access he lives retir'd (like HAMPDEN)

And sees but BECKFORD, ADDINGTON, and CAMPDEN.

All I can say is, this confounded gout

Has well-nigh madden'd him, and turn'd him out."

Q. "Poh ! you mistake my meaning quite — I ask,

If still beneath his patronage you bask ?

Did ever man his fortune better use

Than you ? and, trust me, none would less abuse

Your goodness : would you try my talents, friend ;

They'd soon themselves and master recommend.

Esouse me but ; I'll make your rivals smart,

Confound their schemes, and break each baffled heart."

P. "You

Quo tu rere modo : domus hâc neque purior ulla est,
 Nec magis his aliena malis : nil mi officit, inquam, 50
 Ditior hic, aut est quia doctior : est locus uni-
 Cuique suus." Q. "Magnum narras, vix credibile!" H. "Atqui
 Sic habet." Q. "Accendis, quare cupiam magis illi
 Proximus esse." H. "Velis tantummodò, quæ tua virtus,
 Expugnabis : et est qui vinci possit ; eoque 55
 Difficiles aditus primos habet." Q. "Haud mihi deero:
 Muneribus servos corrumpam ; non, hodie fr
 Exclusus fuero, desistam ; tempora quæram ;
 Occurram in triviis ; deducam. Nil sine magno
 Vita labore dedit mortalibus." Hæc dum agit, ecce 60
 Fuscus Aristius occurrit, mihi carus, et illum
 Qui pulchrè nôset. Consistimus. "Unde venis ? et
 Quo tendis ?" rogat, et respondeo. Vellere cæpi,

Et

P. " You quite mistake the maxims we pursue,
And stain the praises to our patron due.
There's not a family throughout St. James's
More incorrupt ; for not a bribe defames us :

Nor do I care, if this or t'other's richer ;
Or wiser that — each figure has its nich, Sir,
know We owe no M——N W——B, nor JEMMY TWITCHER."

Q. " 'Tis wonderful, and scarce deserves belief."

P. " Yet so it is." Q. " Why then, Sir, to be brief ;
You've kindled in me such a strong desire
To feel his pulse my soul is all on fire."

P. " O, do but tickle him ; he's like a trout
That plays bo-peep, yet may be charmed out ;
Therefore he keeps close quarters."

Q. " Never fear me ;
There's nothing I'll relinquish to endear me.

I'll see the porter : should he push me down,
I'll to the charge again : I'll scour the town
To trace his footsteps : life has nought bestow'd
On us poor passengers without its load."

As luck would hav't, DICK P——GER comes up,
Who knew him better much than I. We stop,
And, after mutual asking, " Whence we come,
And whither go ?" I cock at him my thumb,

Squint,

Et prensare manu lentissima brachia, nutans,
 Distorquens oculos, ut me eriperet. Malè falsus 65
 Ridens dissimulare : meum jecur urere bilis.
 H. " Certè nescio quid secreto velle loqui te
 Aiebas mecum." F. A. " Memini bene ; sed meliori
 Tempore dicam : hodie tricesima sabbata. Vis tu
 Curtis Judæis oppedere ? " nulla mihi, inquam, 70
 Relligio est." F. A. " At mi : sum paullo infirmior, unus
 Multorum : ignoscas : alias loquar." Huncine solem
 Tam nigrum surrexê mihi ! fugit improbus, ac me
 Sub cultro linquit. Casu venit obviu illi
 Adversarius, et, " Quo tu, turpissime ? " magnâ 75
 Inclamat voce, et, " Licet antestari ? " ego verò
 Oppono auriculam. Rapit in jus : clamor utrimque ;
 Undique concursus. Sic me servavit Apollo.

Squint, pluck, and grasp his slip'ry arms, and nod;
In hopes he'd snatch me from this iron rod;
In vain; the wag pretends (the more to tease me)
To miss my meaning; spleen and fury seize me.

P. "Surely, dear Dick, you told me, t'other day,
You'd something of great consequence to say" —

D. P. "True SID; but I a better time will take:

To-day's the Jewish festival; they'll make

A sumptuous feast: you won't offend the cast?"

P. "Upon my word I'm no enthusiast."

D. P. "But I, a weaker brother, have my cue;

And own, I'm somewhat singular; adieu."

That this day's sun should rise on me so black,

And saddle such a load upon my back!

Under the hatches wretched I am left,

Of hope, of comfort, and of breath bereft!

By chance, howe'er, the plaintiff meets the cur:

"What; will you plead," he cries, "or you'll demur?"

"Bear witness, Sir, I've ask'd him." P. "Faith not I:"

KIT ANSTEV hails me, and to him I fly.

N O T E S.

- L. 1. " Ibam fortè Viâ Sacrà, (sicut meus est mos
Nescio quid meditans nugarum,") &c.

The reason of my putting a Comma after the words " Viâ Sacrà" and not after " sicut meus est mos," is because I think it would imply a contradiction in HORACE, should he say, " I chanced to be walking along the streets as I am accustomed to do."

- L. 5. ——— " Et cupio omnia quae vis."

The too great civility of HORACE, in his reply to the IMPERTINENT, seems to have drawn him upon his back.

- L. 11. ——— " O! te, BOLANE, cerebri

Felicem, aiebam."

It does not appear that the Poet meant to cast any severe reflection upon his countryman BOLANUS, but rather the reverse; nor would the Translator be supposed to have been in the least sarcastic, upon the numerous and noble family of O-HARAS, his worthy countrymen.

- L. 28. " Omnes composui" ———

There is something inexpressibly elegant in the term " composui:" as if the talkative fellow had said, " I've silenced, I've composed,

composed, I've buried all my relations and friends" (for it must be understood, that this is a term appropriated by the Romans to collecting the ashes of the deceased, and depositing them in an urn.)

L. 35. "Ventum erat ad VESTÆ: quartā jam parte dici
Præteritā, &c."

It is supposed that the courts of justice met in the Temple of Vesta at Rome, as they do in Westminster-hall at London. The Romans computed their day from Six o'clock in the morning to Six at night; consequently it was Nine o'clock in the morning when Horace and his companion arrived at the court of judicature. But as this would appear a very late hour for our British Pleaders to meet at the bar, the Translator has complimented them with an earlier.

L. 46. ——— "posset qui ferre secundas:"

A term taken, in all probability, from the stage.

L. 54. ——— "Velis tantummodò: quæ tua virtus,
Expugnabis." ———

This expression is an inimitable irony, and cannot easily be rendered, with the same energy and conciseness, into another language. The terms "quæ tua virtus, expugnabis," are entirely military; as are also the following words, "Eoque difficiles aditus primos habet."

L. 63. "Quo tendis? rogat, et respondet."——

I chuse rather to substitute "*respondeo*," as being with more propriety to be applied to Horace, than his friend.

L. 68. ——— "Sed meliori"——

Read "*meliori*," instead of "*meliore*," in order to avoid the repetition of the last syllable "*re*," notwithstanding Dr. Bentley's critique.

L. 69. ——— "Hodie Tricesima Sabbata. Vis tu

Curtis Judæis oppedere?"——

The words "*Tricesima Sabbata*" may either refer to the Great Sabbath, which was denominated "*PHASE*" by the Jews; or to their "*NEOMENIA*," "*New-moon*." The words "*curtis Judæis*," allude to their circumcision.*

L. 70. ——— "nulla mihi, inquam,

Relligio est."——

Horace must be understood here, as not speaking in his own person, but in the character of an Epicurean, which sect was reputed (although falsely) to be infected with atheistical principles. A parallel passage to this appears in the following verses of Horace:

"Nec si quid miri faciat natura, deos id
Tristes ex alto coeli demittere tecto."

But

* From the month of September, which is called "*Tifri*," by the Jews, to the month of April, ("*Nisan*,") are just thirty weeks, when the Jewish year commenceth.

But the one and the other quotation can neither be justly applied to the religious tenets of Epicurus, or to those of Horace, as I shall some time or other endeavour to prove.

L. 78. ——— “Sic me servavit Apollo.”

The god Apollo was constantly denominated by his worshippers “ἀνελκιδνός, ἀπορροαῖος,” “propitious, avenger;” as appears from numberless ancient inscriptions “APOLLINI CONSERVATORI:” and possibly Horace cast his eyes upon his statue in some public place, during the plaintiff’s endeavouring to subpoena him into court.

“As it is difficult for me to give the Reader an adequate idea of the numberless keen and exquisite strokes contained in this Satire, I chuse to leave them to his own sagacious discoveries. He will please to observe, I have adhered to Doctor BENTLEY’s edition of HORACE, except in a very few trifling passages, which that celebrated Critic seems to have overlooked through hurry.”

*L*EST it should be deemed presumptuous to dictate to my superiors, in so weighty a part of their concern as gaming is unhappily become to the generality of mankind, I do assure my readers that the sole reason for my placing the following strictures upon *PLAY*, almost in the frontispiece of my poems, is owing to a self-conviction of the abominable folly and turpitude of it. Far be it from me to think that any thing, I can possibly suggest to those who are passionately addicted to this Vice, can work the least change in their hearts. Reason, resolution, compunction, and shame must effect it. But if the author himself has been long unhappily fascinated by this hellish vice, may he not be permitted to expose his own unpardonable foible? God be praised! he has, at length, plucked this cankerous thorn from his flesh; and it is with full conviction, he avers, that the great Tempter hath not a more deadly arrow, whereby to wound unhappy mortals, than that which he hath envenom'd with the dregs of filthy lucre. Well, therefore, may that restless enemy of our souls plume himself upon it; for it is, by far, the best and, consequently, the most destructive dart in his quiver.

“ *Haud*

"Haud lufiffe pudet — fed non incidere ludum." HOR.

OH! fcene of horror and of wild despair:
 Why is the rich ATRIDES splendid heir
 Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly feat;
 And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
 Why that drawn sword; and whence that difmal cry?
 Why pale diftraction through the family?
 See my Lord threaten! and my Lady weep!
 And trembling fervants from the tempeft creep!
 Why, that gay fon to diftant regions fent?
 What fiends that daughter's deftin'd match prevent?
 Why, the whole houfe in fudden ruin laid?
 "O nothing; but, laft night, my lady—PLAY'D."

YOUNG'S Love of Fame.

Stance

Stance de Monsieur d'Andilli contre LE JEU.

DEGUISER d'un beau nom son ardente avarice,
 Par un plaisir trompeur accroître ses ennuis,
 Passer dans le desordre & les jours & les nuits,
 S'emporter, sans respect, sur le moindre caprice;
 Entrer dans la fureur presque à tous les momens,
 Mêler à chaque mot cent horribles sermens;
 Invoquer des demons la puissance infernale;
 Avoir le cœur en trouble & le visage en feu,
 Hazarder son salut par une ardeur brutale,
 Voilà ce qu'aujourd'hui le monde appelle jeu !

Translation

Paraphrase on Monsieur d'Andilli's Stanza upon a GAMESTER.

TO cloak his views beneath a specious name,
 And talk of pastime, but, in truth, to game;
 To kill whole nights in this most fordid vice;
 To foam with anger, on the least caprice;
 To mold his passions in wrath's bitter leav'n;
 To blast his eyes; to curse **THE LORD OF HEAV'N**;
 The aid of impious Demons to invoke;
 To damn his heart and say "'twas but a joke;"
 Through thirst of gold, to throw his Soul away;
 See! what the modern world entitles—**PLAY.**

G

Nobili

*Nobili CAROLO TOWNSHEND Epistola;**Scripta Anno 1744.*

VIX è conspectu Siccæ Telluris abibam,
 Et tibi clamasset, CAROLE, lingua vale;
 Cum ruit horribilis salientis grandinis imber,
 Verberat atque meas nix inimica genas.
 Crebrâ calce meum stimulisque laceſſo caballum;
 Quo magis hunc stimulo, se minus ille movet.
 (Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico;
 Cuncta tamen pigro sim modò sanus equo.)
 Juramenta meus Socius balbutit; “ in ipsa
 Non SCOTIA, exclamans, hoc graviora tuli.”
 NORVICUM adveniens, tandem, gelidusque madensq;
 Regalis capitis, cum duce, signa peto.
 Visimus EDVARDI pulcram celeri pede Natam;
 In qua Diva Venus (sed pudibunda) patet.
 Ut vidi, ut perii! sed non malus abstulit error:
 Non errare potest cui mea NISA placet,

Stellantes

Fulgentes oculi ! coma lucida ! lactea cervix !

Lacteolæ mammæ ! lacteolæque manus !

Suave genæ rident, rident albedine dentes :

O ! facies oculis infidiosa meis.

Carole, dispeream, si fit mihi gratior ulla

Littera, quam vestrâ charta notata manu.

Rescribas igitur mihi sæpius ; haud tibi decro :

Sin ridere voles — de GREGE PORCUS ero.

Ad GEORGIUM SUINNÆUM *aulæ Clarenfis*

Alumnum Epistola,

Scripta Anno 1765.

CHAR E, quæis gaudes studiis, GEÖRGI;

Quos volvis libros, ubi tanta vis est;

Quæ tuos sensus recreant camænæ

Scire laboro.

Non tibi pictæ placuere chartæ;

Aleæ lusus vetitæ nec anceps:

Sordidi quæstûs animum Cupido

Nulla venenat.

Nulla te Phyllis nitidis ocellis

Fascinat; vilis tibi forma, vilis

CYPRIDIS splendor, sine GRATIARUM

Fronte decorâ.

Moribus vestris nihil est timendum:

Te suis finxit manibus sacerdos

Optimus; finxit pudibunda mater

De tenero ungui.

Sufficit

Sufficit vini tibi parvus haustus ;
 Ebriis olim mala quot dedere,
 Dedecus quantum furiosa Bacchi

Pocula nôsti.

Quid decens, et quid sapiens, piumque
 (Nî tuus frustra Pater auguretur)
 Sedulus curas ; fugientis horæ

Providus auspex.

Scilicet longum juga perque Pindi,
 Perque doctrinæ varios recessus
 Est iter ; tempus breve quo petenda

Culmina famæ,

Ergò, dum ridens patiatur ætas ;
 Dum tenax rerum vigeat juvenus,
 Volve scriptores utriusque linguæ

Nocte, dieque.

Hinc TILOTSONUS * fibi purpuratus
 Condidit laudes, epulisque Divûm
 Interest lætus ; choreis beatis

Advena gratus.

Hinc

* AL. AUL. CLAR.

Hinc per excelsi spatiosa cœli
Castra NUTONUS peragravit, et se
Per Comætarum dubios meatus

Transtulit audax.

Audit hinc magnus volitans per ora
Cuncta BENTLEIUS ; DAVIESQ ; acutus
Innolescit ; tu, criticique partes,

PEARCE, tueris.

Quid tibi illustrem memorem COTESUM ?

Quidve BAKERUM nimium modestum ?

INQUE BALGIUM quid ? CURLUMQUE, scientiarum

Numen amicum ?

Quid tibi MEDUM referam verendum ?

Quid MIDELTONUM (timide sequendum)

CLARKIUM quid ? quid et O ! Decus, tu,

YORKIADARUM ?

Hâc gravis SHERLOCCIUS, ASTONUSQUE ;

Hâc GREGORINUS ; bonus hâc BAROVUS

Arte præfulsit, Cicero, et VALBIUS,

Aureus alter.

Hinc

Hinc meus longè emicuit magister

GEORGIUS ; vates, sapiens, disertus :

Hinc ETONENSIS volat, et volabit

Fama per orbem.

Hinc et HUBBARDUS bonus ille ad astra ;

Hinc pius, doctus, vigil et GODARDUS

Tendit ; hinc florebis in adfutura

Sæcla, VARINGE.

Vosque, GARNETTI, geminum hinc nitetis

Sidus ; (ALLENI monitoris olim

Pignus ;) hinc floret, bene laureatus

ALBUCAPUTQUE.

Hinc nepos gressu parili DECANOS

Æmulus COMBROS * sequitur : paternæ, hinc,

Conscium laudis, studiis vacat par

Nobile fratrum.

Hinc

* Spatium sanè non sufficit ad COMBROS celebrandos, observandum, solum modo, quod unus et alter fuit moribus intactus, doctrinâ præclares, religionis reformatæ fautor strenuus, et ecclesiæ nostræ tam exemplo quam scriptis propugnaculum. Mortui sunt, antequam ad fastigium uni et alteri designatum advenerint ; opera verò eorum in æternum sunt mansura.

Hinc meus (de plebe) stetit BRYANTUS ; †
 Impiger, solers, habilis, profundus !
 Tuque, SANDERSONE, manebis, hinc, su-
 -perstite famâ.

Hâc sacer Vates stupefecit orbem
 Arte MILTONUS ; gravis, eruditus :
 Auream hâc strinxit Chelyn ABRAHAMUS,
 Dulcis et audax.

Hinc puer flevit variâ MASONUS
 Voce MUSÆUM ; juvenisque factus,
 Nobilem ELFRIDAMQUE, CARACTACUMQUE
 Traxit ab orco

Hinc

† JÖANNES BRYANTUS cujusdam textoris fuit tyro, apud NORDOVICUM ; inde, communi voto et stipendio CANTABRIGIAM missus, ibi mirabilem fecit progressum in re arithmetica, in geometria, et in mathematicis et in classica doctrina. A REVERENDISSIMO JOANNE SECKERO, ARCHIEPISCOPO CANTARUENSI, cöoptatus ; ad instituendum novum quoddam collegium, in Coloniis Britannicis, emittitur. Vela quidem dedit, sed infelici omine ; namque haufragio facto, omnem suum apparatus mathematicum funditus perdidit ; et paulò postquam ad littus ad-pulerit, præ dolore et fastidio maris, mortuus est.

Hinc parī sese associavit astro,

Candidum et dulcem GRÆCUM secutus :

Hinc manu forti penetravit exem-

-plaria Græca.

Quin et interdum faciles camænas

Tu quoque ambibis : resonante plectro

Phæbus emollit nimium severæ

Sacra Minervæ,

Si SACERDOTIS grave munus optes ;

Sive SANANDI mediteris artem ;

Prisca seu ROMÆ, PATRIÆVE vestræ

JURA resolvas ;

Sit DEI simplex, stabilisque CULTUS

Grande fundamentum operum tuorum :

NUMEN incæptis favet, ac favebit.

Ritè precatum.

H

Multa

“ *Multa fidem promissa levant* ” — HOR.

RUSTICA quâ circum stipatur densa juvenus,
Et surgit medio lignea scena foro ;

En ! prodit medicus ; sed qualem agnoscere natum

Nec, Galene, velis nec, Paracelse, tuum.

Ornat inaurato fulgens caput orbe galerus ;

In tunicis auro purpura mista nitet.

“ Si benè me novi, Populares (incipit ultro)

“ Hunc faustum vobis fata tulere diem.

“ Qui langues lentâ cruciatus membra podagrâ ;

“ Cui vena ardenti concita febre salit ;

“ Qui gemis interno laceratus tormine corpus ;

“ Quive sitim pleno crescere ventre doles ;

“ Adventu lætare meo. Mea dextera morbum

“ Proteret : hâc dabitur pyxide clausa salus.

“ Hanc emat ampullam, multos qui condere soles

“ Integer, ac nullâ peste peremptus avet.

“ Me prece, me donis magni ambivere Tyranni ;

“ Unus amor patriæ est consuluisse Bono.”

Talia

Talia janctantem miratur credula pubes ;

At catus irridet splendida verba senex.

Non illum fallunt animi sub vulpe latentes ;

Sinceram dictis novit abesse fidem.

Quam dispar Cor sequitur qui scripta Magistri,

Et sub DALTRÆI numine signat iter !

Non ille immodicas linguæ permittit habenas,

Nec verbis tumidus sed petit arte fidem.

Hunc tamen insignem servati mille fatentur ;

Et populus laudes, dum tacet ipse, sonat.

POPE'S *Essay on CRITICISM*.

LINE 344.

THESE equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
 Where'er you find the "cooling western breeze;"
 In the next line it "whispers through the trees."
 If crystal streams with "pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
 A needless Alexandrine ends the Song,
 That, like a wounded Snake, drags its flow length along.

LINE 365.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense;
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows:
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

When

L. 344.

ÆQUALI numero pariliq̃ue hī tempore gaudent,
Reclusæ etfi aures vocales sæpe fatigant.

Auxilium exiles dum particulæ superaddant,
Verbaque sæpe decem pigro uno in carmine se dent.

Invariata sonant ubi tintinnabula Lector
(Nec frustra minitatus) init fastidia somni.

Quandocunque levis Zephyri tepida aura recurrat,
Sibilat hinc aer statim et nemus omne susurrat *.

Languenti cantus finitur Alexandrino

Quod, lacero simile angui, tortu se trahit ægro.

L. 365.

Non satis asperitate agresti scripta carere

Ni referat sensum sonus, ut resonabilis Echo.

Mollis musa fluit spiret si molliter aura,

Suavius et carmen suavi delabitur amne :

Ast ubi spuma rapit rauco cum murmure ripam,

Raucifoni strepitent numeri rauci maris instar.

Si

* Aliter

Frigidulus tenues Zephyrus modo ventilet auras,

Sibila succedunt foliumque per omne susurrant

Sin Aqua per pronum trepidet cum murmure flumen,

Heu ! quam fatalem tibi suadet inire soporem.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours and the words move flow :
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

LINE 675.

Thee, bold LONGINUS, all the NINE inspire,
 And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.
 An ardent Judge who, zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws ;
 And is Himself the great SUBLIME he draws.

Si saxum intorquere immane innititur Ajax;
 Tardè versus eat : verba interrupta laborent.
 Non ita cum segetes super inviolataque, Volscæ
 Gramina, Virgo volans, peragravit et æquora strinxit.

L. 675.

Te, LONGINE, suo comitantur numine MUSE,
 Et Critico sacros Phœbi indulgere calores.
 Justitiæ comes acer, et in sua munera fidus,
 Leniter objurgans hortatur et increpat idem.
 Exemplo stabilita suo sua scita refulgent,
 Dumque docet sublime Genus, quantum instar in ipso est!

P U L P I T D I R E C T I O N S :

R E P R I N T E D.

BROTHER, this comes to let you know,
 That I would have you to read slow;
 To give each word of a discourse,
 It's proper emphasis and force :
 To urge what you think fit to say,
 In a sedate pathetic way,
 Grave and deliberate, as 'tis fit
 To comment upon holy writ.

Many a good sermon gives distaste,
 By being spoke in too much haste ;
 Which, if it had been read with leisure,
 Would have been listen'd to with pleasure.
 For how indeed can one expect
 The best discourse should take effect,
 Unless the preacher thinks it worth
 Some toil and pains to set it forth ?

What

What ? Does he hope the time he took,
 To write it fairly in a book,
 Will do the business ? not a jot,
 It must be spoke as well as wrote.
 If he will needs be preaching stuff,
 No time indeed is short enough ;
 E'en let him read it like a letter,
 The sooner it is done the better.

To hear some priests when they preach,
 How they confound all parts of speech !
 How phlegmatic and hum-drum these,
 Others, how void of cadencies !
 Our learned b-sh-ps, one would swear,
 With equal judgment, sense and care,
 Had rescu'd school-boys from the rod,
 To make ambassadors of God.

But for a man that hath an head,
 Like yours—or mine (I'd like t'have said)
 Who can, on due occasion, raise
 A just remark, a proper phrase ;

For such an one to run along,
Tumbling his accents o'er his tongue,
Shews clearly that a man at once,
May be a scholar and a dunce.

Shall theatres with the praises ring,
Of WOODWARD, DANCER, POWEL, KING ?
Shall SHUTER in each mimic station,
Excite a general admiration ?
Shall HOLLAND, BARRY, PRITCHARD teach us,
How far the power of action reaches ?
Shall MACKLIN (wonder of the age)
Provoke our mirth, and whet our rage ?
Shall GARRICK hold himself to view
A ROSCIUS and ÆSOPUS too ?
And shall not we so act our parts
As may affect our hearers hearts ?
We, whose peculiar charge it is,
To smoothe the way to lasting blifs.

So perfect is the christian scheme,
He that from thence shall take his theme,

And

And time to have it understood,
His sermon cannot but be good.

From one this golden rule accept,
Who wishes it was always kept :

“ TAKE TIME ENOUGH ; ALL OTHER GRACES

“ WILL SOON FILL UP THEIR PROPER PLACES.”

E N D

A P O E T I C A L B I L L E T

FROM THE

DELIGHT TO THE DOLPHIN,

In Favour of an half-starved Chaplain and his Messmates, at

E M D E N.

A CCEPT, dear DOLPHIN, in good part
 This tribute of a grateful heart
 From one you've safely convoy'd hither,
 Through the rough waves and rougher weather.
 Was I King NEPTUNE, you should be
 My Lord High Admiral at sea:
 Or, riding Pilot at the helm,
 Should lord it o'er the watry realm.
 Long have you shewn a willing mind
 To succour and preserve mankind:
 Witness your sympathizing heart
 That bears in human woes a part;

Witness

Witness ARION whom, of yore,
 You took and wafted safe on shore!
 The Traveller no sooner meets
 Your lov'd resemblance in the streets,
 But swift alights, full sure to dine
 Best under your auspicious sign.
 And O! that they I hold so dear
 Might taste your gallant Captain's cheer,
 They'd wish him many a GALLIC prize,
 And sound his praises to the skies.
 Not quite so provident as Ants,
 They've eat their all and drunk their NANTZ.
 For they, poor Landlings! had no notion
 Of sailing on th' uncertain ocean;
 But dreamt a ship her port approaches
 As stately as Flying Coaches,
 Or still more regular Machines
 Set down their Passengers at Inns.

You'd smile to see the downcast features
 Of these poor disappointed creatures
 When first they came aboard, to find
 My cabbin was not to their mind:

No

No rousing fire to roast their tail at !
 No landlady to laugh or rail at !
 No waiters ! not a bell at hand !
 No chairs to sit ! no room to stand !
 The deck all wet ! a rubber call'd :
 A swabber brought, or rather hawl'd !
 The victuals, neither this nor that :
 The Beef too lean ! the Pork too fat !

However, since they're good at bottom,
 We must not grumble now we've got 'em :
 Especially since "entre nous"
 They've some pretence for what they do.
 The Doctor, though we took him in
 With ruddy cheek and double chin,
 Is now become almost as lean
 As a church mouse or shriv'led bean.
 The Cornet, too, full six feet high !
 With well-made shoulder, leg and thigh !
 That erst amongst us us'd to strut
 Like GULLIVER at Lilliput !
 Instead of merry songs and tales,
 Hums a dull tune, or bites his nails.

The

The rest an hungry meagre crew
 Whose only hopes are fixt on you,
 Beseech you, by their LAUREATE,
 To send 'em wherewithal to eat,
 And cheer their souls, e'er 'tis too late.

*Verses wrote upon the QUEEN of HEARTS, and addressed to a
young Lady in Bed.*

BLEST card ! for soon perchance you'll rest,
On EMYLY's enchanting breast ;
O could you tell her whilst you're there,
How much I love ! how much I fear !
How (like a vessel tost between
Hope and despair, now sunk, — now seen)
I wake but for my cruel fair,
And pant for night to dream of her !
Then could you glide beneath her heart,
And pierce it through with CUPID's dart ;
I'd value, love, and prize you more,
Than ere I did SPADILLE before.

S

O

N

G

S.

I.

WHILE sounds melodiously convey'd
 The ravish'd Ear surprize;
 The VIOLETTI, charming maid!
 Has caught our hearts and eyes.

II.

Is't not enough that she should shine,
 As Loves and Graces do;
 But shall an attitude divine
 Guide all her movements too!

III.

Her step, her air, her gestures view;
 You'd say Camilla, born
 On Zephyrs wings, before you flew
 Along th' unbended Corn!

IV.

Such modesty! such skill, and taste!
 Methinks no other fair
 Should tread the stage; yet one so chaste
 Should never have come there!

K

The

T H E F A D E D T O A S T.

I.

NO longer Florella can boast
 Of her once irresistible charms;
 No longer Florella's the toast;
 No longer occasions alarms.

II.

The lightning that flash'd from her eyes
 Like a glimmering taper expires;
 The voice, that could strike with surprize,
 No sooner is heard, but it tires.

III.

Her doors are as fullen as she;
 No sonnets or sweet serenade
 Her adorers all triumph to see
 FLORELLA become an old maid.

IV.

When nature and art had combin'd
 To form her the pride of her sex;
 That she cast all their favors behind,
 'Twould a faint or a methodist vex.

On

On Mrs. H ton Singing.

I.

CEASE, nature, cease ; no longer boast
 Thy warblers in the bushes ;
 In lovely H ton's notes are lost
 The nightingale's and thrush's.

II.

Ulysses, when the Syrens sung,
 Could still resist their charms :
 While H ton's more persuasive tongue
 Had woo'd him to her arms.

III.

On Her intoxicated youth,
 With looks extatic gaze :
 By her, the friend of love and truth
 Is charm'd ten thousand ways.

IV.

Such melody ! such cadence just
 Were never known before,
 Or on fair Circe's dangerous coast,
 Or still more dang'rous shore !

*Epigram on the late REVEREND DR. TUNSTAL'S being elected
PUBLIC ORATOR of the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE;
about the Year 1742.*

Εἴκετε, Ῥωμῆαιοι, δεδαημένοι εἴκετε Γράιοι,
Ῥητόρος ἢδ' αἴνῃν ἄδετε νοῦτερῃ·
Ὅς Δημοσθενίην ζηλοῖ Ῥωμῆν τε καὶ ὕψος
Ἀθρόον, ἴδε τεῖν, ὦ Κικερῶν, προχύσιν·
Οὐ μόνον εὐκλείας Φίλησάτο Πάλλας Ἀθηναίς,
Καὶ τῆσδ' ἐμπεῖρος ἄνδρας ἐθήκε λόγων·
Ὡδε γάρ ἐκ ἀπ' ἐνέυσσε κατωκέν· ἄλλα τί θαῦμα,
ΚΗΡΥΚ' ἥς Φήμης ὅπποτε τοῖον ἔχει;

*Epigram on DOCTOR SMYTH'S being appointed MASTER of
TRINITY COLLEGE in the Room of Doctor Bentley deceased.*

Δάμρσι BENTΛΕΙΟΝ τεθνηκότα πάντες ἐθρήνεον·
Τὸν ΣΜΥΘΙΟΝ ΔΑΙΜΩΝ πέμψας, πάλ' ἐχαρή.

Epigram

Epigram on VENICE, by SANNAZARIUS.

Viderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
 Stare urbem, et toti ponere jura mari.
 Nunc mihi quantumvis Tarpeias, Jupiter, arces
 Objice, et illa tui mœnia Martis, ait :
 Si Tybrim pelago præfers, urbem adspice utramque;
 Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.

ΟΥΕΝΕΤΗΝ ΑΔΡΙΑΣ εἰν ὕδασι ENNOΣΙΓΑΙΟΣ

Βλέψε πόλιν βαθύος Κόιρανον Ω' κέανῃ

Ζεῦ, ὅσσον γε θέλεις Ταρπεία προβάλλε μοι αἶκρά,

Ἵψήλ' ἢδε τεῦ τείχε' Ἀρῆος, ἔφη·

Εἴ μὴ Τύβριδ' ἄλλος πρῶτιμής, αἰκοδομῆσθαι

Τήν μὲν ὑπ' ἀνθρώπων φῆς, ἑτέρεν δὲ Θεῶν.

Epigram on Versailles. Anon.

Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ulla,
 Urbisve domum, dominum nec domus ulla parem.

TRANSLATION.

Οὐ γῆ Λαόν ἔχει, Λαός πόλιν ἔτι, ὁμοῖον

Οὐδὲ Πόλιν αὖγε Δόμον, Κύριον ἔδε Δόμος.

Epigram

Epigram on MR. POPE.

"Αἱ χαρίδες Μῦσαι τε καλῶς ἐγέλασαν — "Ολύμπου
Σφῶν, ΠΟΠΙΟΣ νημεῖω "ΦΟΙΒΟΣ ἔφη, — δάκρυσαν.

Epigram on MR. GARRICK.

Dum gravis Æsopus, partes dum Roscius egit;
Amphitheatralis plaufit utrique domus.
Dum, GARRICCE, tuas resonent subsellia laudes;
Comicus et tragicus vincis utrumque simul.

Epigram on SIR ISAAC NEWTON. Pope.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said "let NEWTON be" and all was light.

TRANSLATION.

Εἶχε Φύσιν Φυσεὺς τε νομῆς νύξ ἀμφιμελῆνα·
"Εἰπὼ ΝΕΤΤΩΝΟΣ," ΖΕΥΣ Φάτο, πάντα Φάος.

Epigramma

Epigramma, incerti Auctoris.

Lumine ACON dextro est captus, LEONILLA sinistro,

Et Genus & formam jactat uterque parem.

Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede forori;

Sic tu, cæcus amor, sic erit illa, Venus.

T R A N S L A T I O N.

Equal in beauty, and in blood the same,

ACON and LEONILLA have spread their fame.

Fate hath each charmer of an eye bereft;

The Right-eye, this, and that laments the Left:

On your sweet Sister, Boy, your sight bestow;

She'll shine a VENUS—a blind CUPID Thou.

Epigram on MR. W—LEY's riding the Managed Horse.

C'est à vous à dompter le furieux cheval;

C'est à vous à monter cette magnifique bête;

C'est à vous à donner de la grace aux cavalles;

C'est à vous à former leur epaule & leur tête.

Epigram

Epitaph on SIR WILLIAM LOWTHER, BART. of Swillington.

LOWTHER the just, the learned, and the wise,
Hath burst his tenement and gain'd the skies.
Learn, reader, learn (for fast thy moments fly)
To live like LOWTHER—and like LOWTHER die.

INSCRIPTIO SEPULCRALIS.

SISTE GRADUM VIATOR OTIOSE
ET HUMANARUM RERUM VICISSITUDINEM
INCONSTANTIAM FRAGILITATEM
CONTEMPLARE
MORTUUS EST VIR NOBILISSIMUS
HENRICUS PLEYDELUS DAUNÆUS
(VICECOMES DE DOWNE
IN REGIONE HIBERNICA
ET LEGIONIS CUJUSDAM BRITANNICÆ
PRÆFECTUS)
HEU ! MORTUUS EST QUANDO REX ILLUM
OB VIRTUTEM SUAM EXIMIAM
IN ALTIOREM GRADUM MILITAREM
AD NOVOS AULICOS HONORES
COOPTABAT
IN PROELIO NIMIRUM CAMPENSI
DUM COMMILITONES SUOS

NON

NON MAGIS AUCTORITATE QUAM PROPRIO EXEMPLO
 AD STRENUE PUGNANDUM COHORTARETUR
 TAM GRAVITER VULNERATUS EST
 UT NIL MEDICORUM NIL CHIRURGURUM
 ILLI SOLERTIA PROFUERIT
 MORTALES SUAS EXUVIAS
 ABSQUE GEMITU DEPOSUIT
 HEROS ILLE IMMORTALIS
 VITAMQUE SUAM QUAM PATRIÆ VOVERAT
 PRO PATRIA LUBENTER EFFUDIT
 HUNC QUALEM CUNQUE LAPIDEM
 HIC LOCI PONENDUM CURAVIT
 VIRI GENEROSISSIMI
 FAMILIARIS QUIDAM
 UT IN HAC NIMIRUM CIVITATE STEINFURTENSI
 IN QUA LECTISSIMI JUVENIS
 BENEVOLENTIA ET PATROCINIUM
 CIVIBUS PARITER AC MUSIS ACADEMICIS
 HAUD MEDIOCRITER INNOTUERAT
 IBI QUOQUE SUI MEMORIA CONSERVARETUR
 IN ECCLESIA QUADAM MOEURENSI
 TRANS RHENUM
 RELIQUIÆ EJUS SEPULTÆ JACENT
 DIEM VERO SUPREMUM OBIIT
 CALENDIS TERTIIS DECEMBRIBUS
 ANNO DOMINI
 MDCCLX.

E P I T A P H I U M.

IN HAC ECCLESIA HALTERENSI
 SEPULTÆ JACENT RELIQUÆ
 VIRI HONORABILIS JOANNIS SANDYSII
 FILII MINORIS NATU NOBILISSIMI SAMUELIS SANDYSII
 BARONIS DE OMBERSLEY IN COMITATU VORCESTRENSI.
 FEBRE NIMIRUM VIOLENTA CORREPTUS
 IN IPSO JUVENTUTIS SUÆ FLORE
 A PATRIA AB AMICIS, A COGNATIS,
 A FRATRIBUS ET SORORIBUS (AH! SORS NIMIS DURA)
 A PARENTUM SUORUM COMPLEXU REMOTUS,
 DEFLENDUS OBIIT, MENSE SEPTEMBRI,
 ANNO DOMINI
 MDCCLVIII.

Epitaph

Epitaph on the HONORABLE CORNET SANDYS, *who died at*
HALTEREN *in* WESTPHALIA, *in the year* 1758.

AS flowers, transplanted from a richer soil,
A-while perchance reward their master's toil;
'Till, nipt by chilling cold or eastern blast,
They droop, fade, wither, and fall off, at last.
So hath it far'd with thee, dear SANDYS; erst, wafted o'er
From happier BRITAIN to a foreign shore.
O! could the teeming grave resign its trust,
And tears raise mortals from their native dust;
Still wouldst thou live, good youth, by all belov'd;
In friendship, truth, and honor—unreprov'd.
But since, nor tears, nor sighs, nor parents woe,
Nor all thy virtues can reverse the blow;
Here may thine ashes undisturbed rest,
'Till the last trumpet hails thee to the blest.

N O T E.

The Author humbly hopes that the noble friends who bore any relationship to the LATE LORD VISCOUNT DOWNE, and the HONORABLE MR. SANDYS, will excuse his having taken the liberty to publish the two pre-

E P I T A P H.

IF winning softness with a sprightly mind
 Can make more beauteous, still, the beauteous kind ;
 If truth, love, peace, and excellence divine,
 If graces such as in an angel shine :
 If ever happily in one combin'd
 A sanctity of soul and sence refin'd :
 Free from all pride, except the pride to please ;
 That, too, endear'd by unaffected ease :
 If ever maid, with such perfections fraught,
 Or liv'd belov'd, or dy'd deplor'd—'twas GOTT.

Epitaph

ceding epitaphs, without asking their permission. Great obligations to each of them, whilst living, not only is the reason of his paying this small tribute to their memory at home, but also occasioned his erecting a plain tomb-stone in honor of them, in the churches of STEINFURT and HÄLTEREN, at his own expence.

Epitaph consecrated to Truth Historical.

SWINNEY the brave, the virtuous, and the just
 Consigns his ashes to their native dust.
 E'er manhood's honors dawn'd upon his face,
 He prov'd his arms against the Spanish race.
 From dangers great and imminent repriev'd,
 Many he gave, but not a wound receiv'd.
 WADE, STANHOPE, MORDAUNT, CARPENTER, DALZELL,
 With truth and rapture, if alive, would tell
 How fierce he fought (while combating avail'd)
 How slowly yielded, when his numbers fail'd.

He spurn'd at cowards with indignant pride:
 Laurels his aim, and fortitude his guide.

In peace, neglected and reduc'd, he sped
 Without one murmur to his homely shed.
 Call'd forth, at length, by warlike GEORGE to view;
 His sword he brandish'd, and he stain'd it too.

His

His dauntless heart at DETTINGEN was try'd ;
 When BRUNSWIC glow'd, with WILLIAM at his side.
 Grown old, yet vig'rous, in his country's cause,
 The KING dismiss'd him with a warm applause.

When rebels fought his Royal Master's right ;
 And English troops (for once) forgot to fight ;
 He left his vine and fig-tree ; and his life
 Expos'd, impetuous, to the doubtful strife.
 Hence dirks and targets grace his festive hall ;
 Crown'd by his sword, cuirass, and iron cawl.

Should busy mortals ask, how much he gave
 His grateful offspring, e'er he fought the grave ?
 Fortunes he gave his sons, whilst poor himself,
 And bless'd his daughters—not with worldly pelf.
 Fortunes ! the best that children can receive :
 Fortunes ! the best that best of parents give.
 He pour'd into their souls each Gospel Grace,
 (His dearer self assistant in her place :)
 How great the crime should they such guides disgrace ?

View,

View, gen'rous reader, and refrain from tears,

This christian soldier in the vale of years :

Lov'd by his equals; by his troop rever'd ;

By good men courted ; by the worthless fear'd.

If honor, truth, and justice can ensure

Bliss to his soul—it rests in bliss—secure.

N O T E.

MATTHEW SWINNEY was born in the kingdom of IRELAND, in the year one thousand six hundred and eighty one; of reputable, but not very affluent parents. He married MARY, eldest daughter of WILLIAM KITCHINGMAN, ESQUIRE, of PONTEFRAC, in the county of YORK, by whom he had issue three sons and two daughters, all his survivors. He died March the third, 1766, aged eighty five years, and is interred within the choir of the old church at PONTEFRAC.

To enumerate MAJOR SWINNEY'S many rare and excellent qualities, would be very difficult and, indeed, impossible within the narrow limits of a tomb-stone. His probity was inviolate, his loyalty unshaken, and his manners most exemplary; in short, the whole tenor of his life was irreproachable; and it must be particularly observed, to his lasting honor, that he was a pattern of temperance, sobriety, and modesty to all he conversed with. Many are the respectable persons, throughout this kingdom, who (on perusing these few anecdotes concerning him) will call to mind

mind his truly amiable disposition; particularly those who live in the counties of NORFOLK, HEREFORD, LEICESTER and YORK, where MAJOR SWINNEY was either principally quartered, or usually resided. And all will readily agree, that what is here mentioned giveth but a very imperfect idea of him.

Although he had been educated and trained up, from his early days, in the camp of MARS, yet, so placid were his manners, so comely his person, and so polished his behaviour, that people, of the best discernment, have concluded he was brought up in the most refined court. He was gifted with such a fund of humour and facetiousness and, yet, was blest with so sweet a temper withal, that the very persons, upon whose country he bore hardest, in his entertaining stories, were the first to desire a repetition of them.

He went over an ensign into SPAIN, in the reign of GEORGE THE FIRST; and, being made prisoner, he remained there two years. At his return home, from thence, the regiment in which he had served abroad was disbanded; which laid him under the necessity of making friends, to get into another; this too, unfortunately for him, was also broke soon after: but the interest of the late EARL OF HARRINGTON (who was always pleased to regard him as an agreeable companion, procured him a lieutenancy of dragoons, about the year 1736; and, in 1738, the same benevolent personage obtained from his late majesty a troop of dragoons for him in GENERAL COPE's regiment, which was at the battle of DETTINGEN. His majesty having been informed, by LORD HARRINGTON, that Mr. SWINNEY had a wife and five children, and had served many years, he was
graci-

graciously pleased to permit his selling out of the army, for the good of his family. Soon after he was settled in his happy retirement, at Pontefract, the rebellion broke out in 1745, and he received an offer, from the late DUKE OF MONTAGU, of commanding, in quality of major, in his new-raised regiment of horse; which he gladly accepted, and posted immediately to BOUGHTON in NORTHAMPTONSHIRE; where he took the trouble and care upon himself, of modelling and exercising HIS GRACE's regiment. As soon as it was ready for marching, he put himself at the head of it, in the absence of LIEUTENANT COLONEL CREED, and marched it according to orders into the North, where it distinguished itself by its good behavior and regularity. At the dismissal of this regiment, the DUKE OF MONTAGU was pleased to thank the MAJOR in his majesty's name, for his services; and he told him, moreover, that so high a value did he set upon his vigilance, conduct, and assiduity, during the whole campaign, that there was no service, in his power, which he would not willingly render him; asking, at the same time, "how he could be of use to him?" The MAJOR replied, "that if HIS GRACE would have the goodness to recommend him to a company of Invalids, he should think himself at the height of his ambition." The DUKE promised most cordially to befriend him, whenever a vacancy should happen, and then took a gracious leave of him. Death put a fatal stop to the performance of his promise, and the MAJOR survived him twenty-one years, with the sterile advantages of a titular Majority for himself, and a Nominal Chaplaincy for his son.

The Epitaph, inscribed upon this marble, being meant to convey information to the unlearned reader, was composed in the English tongue; and the monument itself was raised at the united desire of the deceased's afflicted widow and her three sons, GEORGE, SIDNEY, and BLADEN SWINNEY.

Translations from VIRGIL, with Notes.

EXCUDENT alii spirantia mollius æra
 Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus,
 Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus
 Describent radio, et surgentia fidera dicent :
 Tu regere imperio populum, ROMANE, memento ;
 Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem,
 Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. l. 847.

TRANSLATION.

Their breathing statues in the ductile brass
 And speaking busts there are, I ween, shall trace
 In livelier forms ; and shall in strains excel,
 Struck from the lyre and conjur'd from the shell.
 The heav'nly motions others shall describe ;
 Name all the stars, and class each rising tribe.

ROMAN

ROMAN, to thee 'tis giv'n to rule mankind ;
 Peace to impose and calm the turbid mind ;
 To spare the prostrate foe, the proud restrain :
 These be thy arts ! nor be these arts in vain.

N O T E.

I shall only observe upon these most expressive lines, that as much pœtic excellence is included in them, as can possibly be crowded within so small a compass : but it appears altogether improbable to me, that the divine VIRGIL should so far have descended from his sphere, as to give the preference to foreigners, in oratorical powers, in open violation to his own countrymen, when a SULPICIUS, BALBUS, CÆSAR, and CICERO (his immediate predecessors) had shone forth so conspicuously for their eloquence at the bar, and in the rostrum. Although the poet might be a polite courtier, yet, far be it from me to imagine he would be guilty of meanly sacrificing truth, in compliment to AUGUSTUS. That Emperor's flatterers, preserved no great veneration for the memory of CICERO, on various accounts ; yet the man who could dare to exhibit CATO the censor instead of a SOLON or a LYCURGUS promulging laws to the people, in the regions of the blessed — “ His dantem jura catonem ;” would never prostitute his pen, so vilely, as to give the preference to the Grecians in eloquence ; when numbers of his own countrymen had as fair a claim to the palm, as Demosthenes himself. It is therefore my humble opinion that, instead of the words, “ Orabunt causas melius ” — the following were originally

inserted, and, afterwards, interpolated by some base court-sycophant; viz. "Errantis lunæ melius"——

Or if this emendation should appear too great a deviation from the text, why may we not substitute in the stead of it—— "Pulsabant chordas melius?" For it is very well known, that the Grecians excelled all other nations in music; and, as music had always a principal part in their religious ceremonies, it would by no means have been beneath the majesty of a VIRGIL to commemorate them for their superior skill in musical compositions.

Populeâ

Populeâ veluti mœrens Philomela sub umbra
 Amissos queritur fœtus quos durus arator
 Implumes nido observans detraxit; at illa
 Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
 Integrat, et miseris latè loca questibus implet.

VIR. GEORG. 4. l. 511.

TRANSLATION.

So Philomel, beneath a poplar shade
 Laments her younglings, hapless captives made
 By the stern hind; who, prying for their nest,
 Unfledg'd hath torn them from their mother's breast.
 She, wretched she, records her woful tale
 To the lone wood, the weeping brook, and dale.

N O T E.

As I myself have been so hard-hearted as to take several nightingales nests, in my thoughtless youth, I can with truth and certainty aver, that I always found them built towards the bottom of a dry ditch, encompassed with thorn-bushes; instead of the word "detraxit" therefore I should be of opinion that "extraxit" ought to be substituted. "For birds, I believe, where they have an opportunity, are uniform, in building their nests in the same situation, and in forming them of the same materials throughout.

"Horridus

“ Horridus in maculis et pelle Lybyftidis urfæ.”

VIR. ÆN. 5. l. 37.

TRANSLATION.

Clad in a Lybian bear's rough fhaggy hide.

N O T E.

As it feems highly improbable that VIRGIL fhould have been fo ignorant of the colour of a bear, as to diftinguifh it with fpoats, I beg leave to make mention of a moft ingenious emendation which the late learned Dr. SNAPE, Provof of King's College, formerly made in the verfe before us; viz.

“ Horridus in jaculis et pelle Lybyftidis urfæ.”

Or, if according to fome ancient fcholiafts, it fhould be found that Africa does not produce bears, but boors, which are frequently of a fhaggy motled colour; will it be thought improper to read the verfe in the following manner?

“ Horridus in maculis et pelle Lybiftidis apri.”

The reafon of my inserting the above tranflations and ftrictures, in thefe “ FUGITIVE PIECES” is, becaufe it is my intention to publish a new edition of VIRGIL and THEOCRITUS, provided I fhall meet with fufficient encouragement from the public: and I am the more induced to hope I fhall, as many of my learned friends have been pleafed to urge me, to the publication of fomething that may haply redound more to my own reputation, and the entertainment of others, than fcraps of poetry can poffibly do.

As

AN "EXTEMPORE" EFFUSION

*On reading a scurrilous Invektive against the DUKE of G * * * * N
published in the News Papers.*

CURST be the wretch, and blasted rot his name,
Who dares to stab an injur'd G * * * * N's fame.
Who (whilst his public virtue shines confest,
Cherish'd within his ROYAL MASTER's breast)
Can rake for scandal in his private life,
And widen breaches betwixt man and wife :
Who throws his dirt, like some unthinking elf,
That none can daub so justly as himself.
May those vile deeds, through which the devil fell,
Proclaim his coming to the gates of hell :
Anguish, remorse, and terror seize his soul,
And hurl it quick where fiends malicious howl.
And yet—or ere he plunge into the lake,
Where no cool stream his burning thirst shall slake ;
May CHRIST, in mercy, deprecate his doom.
And e'en to HIM his promis'd kingdom come.

ANOTHER.

A N O T H E R.

WELL may thy stand'rous letters bear a part
 With thy dull pen, dull head, and rancrous heart.
 Well may the poison, that distils from thence,
 Envenom all thy weak attempts on sense.
 But hark thee, wretch; believe him while he swears :
 SID (by the Gods) will crop thine asses ears,
 Shouldst thou persist a G * * * * N to impeach,
 And blast those virtues thou canst never reach.

11: 7: 49

F I N I S.